

[For the Reason-Union.]

LIFE.

Like a meteor bright through the great unknown,
Till it reached the threshold of the first light,
The path that it came to keep,
For a moment it was the sublime
That entered its parent sun,
I guided the path of its mighty soul,
Till its true heart was done.

And when the chill of the cold winter
The rock-ribbed mantle threw,
And the volcano that had felt my rod
Laid the walls of his frozen flow,
With the earthquake's shock and the Cambrian rock,
I piled up the mountain chain,
And valleys and hills with their hazy
Crest their wealth on the horizon plain.

On, on in its race through profound space,
Where the distant worlds gleam,
Shrouded in mist, lone and far,
By the sun's rays, and the moon's beam,
Till the sun's rays, and the moon's beam,
I came to the last world,
When the fountains of the clouds burst their water
Shower.

And the ocean to earth was hurled.
Calmy at rest in the lifeless
The lifeless ocean was hurled,
The lifeless ocean was hurled,
The lifeless ocean was hurled,
The lifeless ocean was hurled,
The lifeless ocean was hurled,
The lifeless ocean was hurled,

O sublime discontent! still my spirit unbent,
In the glow of its radiant dawn,
For a being that is the sea-born child,
My fancy in beauty dwells,
Till the sun's rays, and the moon's beam,
I came to the last world,
When the fountains of the clouds burst their water
Shower.

—[Rosa Martin.]

A LEGEND OF THE COLUMBIA

[For the Reason-Union.]

When the little town of Astoria, which
lies beneath the hills on the left shore of
the Columbia, was in its infancy, it was
even more picturesque than it is at the
present day. It was situated on a rising
ground, and close to the water's edge.
The tall fir, hemlock and spruce trees that
surrounded the village protected it from
the tempests of winter. Seven miles
across the blue waters of the Columbia
were to be seen the tree-capped hills of
what is now the Washington Territory
shore.

The part of this little town which was
formerly called by its eight or ten inhabitants
a trading post on the Hudson Bay Company,
and was first known by the name of Fort
George. Here, thousands of miles from
the civilized world, with the silence of a
vast forest to the right of them and be-
hind them; the silence and deeper solitude
of a mighty ocean to the left; with the
silence of a grand river in front of them;
here, all alone, lived a few families
from the great living world.

As may be well imagined, these beings
who had wandered far away to this western
world belonged to a class who might be
said to consist of the curiosities of hu-
manity. Trappers, men who had escaped
from justice, men who had been banished
from their homes, men who had been
banished from their homes, men who had
been banished from their homes, men who
had been banished from their homes, men
who had been banished from their homes,
men who had been banished from their homes,
men who had been banished from their homes,
men who had been banished from their homes,

This last gentleman was the oracle of the
little town, and many a lecture did he give
to his audience there assembled, as he sat
before the great stove in the Hudson's
Bay store, and puffed the gray tobacco
smoke from his meerschaum pipe in clouds
above him; for it was around this stove
that the whole city assembled whenever it
rained, which happened at that time,
nearly every day in the year. Around
this great stove in the old log-wood store
this whole city on these numerous occasions
chewed and smoked tobacco, and told
hundreds of tales.

And all the while the Columbia, with
the rain ever falling on its smooth surface,
rolled on in grim silence to the ocean.
When such a strange event as the ap-
pearance of a white sail on the ocean hap-
pened, the quiet little town of Astoria
was thrown into a state of enormous ex-
citement. Then would the members of
this community lay down their tobacco
pipes, their quills would be cast aside, the
people would rush to their rubber-boots,
their oilskin hats and coats, and the whole
community, followed by the sheep, cows
and dogs of the village, would go down to
the beach; the great life-boat that be-
longed to the company would be manned
and the crew would prepare to pilot the
ship into port. But such an occasion as
this occurred only at very long intervals
indeed.

There were Indians there in those days,
but not one is now left to tell of the race
that is gone. They were a quiet, peace-
able and idle race. They lived chiefly by
salmon-fishing, and were not of a warlike
disposition.

The little town of Astoria had been
sleeping in the quiet manner which we
have described, disturbed only by the cry
of the panther and the howl of the wolf,
when a great commotion was caused by the
report that there was to be an invasion
of the population. A young clerk was to
be sent out from England. The sale of black-
ets to the Indians had increased of late,
and the company had come to the conclu-
sion that an additional clerk was necessary.
An old trader had been seen coming
around "Tongue Point" in a canoe, one
day, and he had brought the news from
another station placed by the same com-
pany far up the Columbia. For many days
the community smoked more violently as
they discussed the news around the great
stove in the old log-wood store.

One day a sail was seen beyond "Sand
Island," and at about 4 o'clock in the af-
ternoon the ship anchored in front of the
town, and the new clerk was rowed ashore.
It was not long before the town became
aware of the fact that this gentleman had
been married a lovely English girl the
day before he left England. He had left
his young wife in England, and had come
to this far land to work for the company
for a few years until he had saved money
enough to go home and live with his wife
in ease. It was a hard trial to him, and a
hard trial to his young wife; but poverty
was his master. He had thought first of
delaying the day of marriage until his re-

turn, but this had already been delayed,
and he was too deeply in love to reason
instead of reasoning they got married. A
few hours of exquisite bliss and they
parted.

The white sail of the vessel which had
brought the young husband to Astoria
was spread as it sailed around to catch
the wind; the vessel sailed away on her
homeward voyage; the citizens watched
the sails until they became a white speck
on the ocean, and then became indistin-
guishable from the distant clouds on the
horizon.

The new member soon settled down
and became like the rest of the commu-
nity, and it was not long before he acquired
those habits which were common to all.
At first he was the principal speaker at the
old store, and would describe to the little
band of listeners the great and busy world
so far away. Even the dogs of the village
would sit on their haunches and look up
into his face with a look of seeming inter-
est as he spoke. And one time he told of
the sweet gentle wife that he left behind
him, and as he described her in glowing
terms his listeners leaned forward with
their elbows on their knees, and one old
pilot took off his hat and laid it on the floor
as the young man described the lovely face
like that of an angel, and spoke of the
golden hair and the eyes like the blue of
Paris.

But after awhile a deep melancholy
took possession of him, and he hardly spoke
to the rest. And he was often seen to
wander up and down the beach in the
evening, after the day's work was done,
with a look of gloom on his face, and
the subject of conversation, and the villagers
all solemnly agreed—and especially did
the old lawyer conclude—that he was out of
his element; that that
was no place for him.

Still the days dragged by and the rain
came drearily down; still the Indians in
their canoes paddled their way over the
smooth surface of the river, and still the
pilot took off his hat and laid it on the floor
as the young man described the lovely face
like that of an angel, and spoke of the
golden hair and the eyes like the blue of
Paris.

One day an Indian came into the store
and informed the people therein that a big
canoe was out on the ocean. They went
out, and sure enough on the far horizon,
a little white sail was seen. It was a
rough old sailor expressed it, was a sail.
The sail moved across the mouth of the
river, and many were the conjectures as to
whether it would come into the river or
not. At last the question was settled when
the vessel rounded the north end of the
sand-spit on the bar. In two hours the
vessel, with all sails set, passed within a
quarter of a mile of the town, and went on
till the vessel was a long way off. The
clippers packed; one of the splendid line
of packets that sailed between this country
and France sixty years ago; one of those
vessels that were fitted up like
palaces; that were built of oak and pine
and were fastened with copper bolts. This
was the "Silvia de Gras," and she had a
majestic appearance as she moved with
all sails set upward to the Columbia.

Every eye-glass in the city was levelled
at the vessel as she glided onward. A lady
on the pop-dock was waving a handker-
chief, and a spy-glass showed to the young
clerk that this was the wife that he had
left in old England. The day had been a
fine one, and the wind was strong, and the
mouth of the river through a heaven of
golden clouds.

The young husband got into the life-boat
with four companions and rowed up the
river. The vessel remained in the same
position without moving. The boat reached
her, and the young husband seized upon a
rope that was hanging from the bow of
the vessel in order to keep the boat in po-
sition. The vessel was rushing rapidly
around the bow of the ship forming whirl-
pools in its course.

It was suddenly noticed that the vessel
had stopped. She had struck upon a hidden
rock. The vessel remained in the same
position without moving. The boat reached
her, and the young husband seized upon a
rope that was hanging from the bow of
the vessel in order to keep the boat in po-
sition. The vessel was rushing rapidly
around the bow of the ship forming whirl-
pools in its course.

During the voyage from England the
young wife had had a constant presentiment
that she would find that her husband
was dead. The vessel had never heard from
him, and this had induced her to go in
search of him; and now after a long sea
voyage, which had lasted thirteen months,
she, with inexpressible joy, saw his face
again.

The young man while holding his boat
in position was looking up into her face,
and had just commenced to speak to her,
when the tide coming around the bow of
the ship caught the boat to land on one
side, and he was thrown into the river.
He lost his hold upon the rope and was
carried down with the tide. One shriek
from the young girl and she fell insensible
to the deck. The young man rose to the
surface, sank, rose again, and yet a third
time, and was then lost to sight.

The young girl was taken ashore in an
inaccessible condition. Some men living in
log-cabin deserted it and gave it to her.
An old Indian woman who had worked
for some of the officers of the company,
attended her during her sickness, which
lasted two weeks. Day after day the
young girl lay in the hair of gold, and
told to the old cabin, lay their heads on
the ground and wait silently until the old
Indian woman happened to come to the door,
when she would tell them how the young
girl was; they would go away then, shaking
their heads mournfully as they went. The
young girl of this time she was delirious.
The long continued anxiety, followed by
the unexpected sight of the one she loved,
and that followed by his death at the mo-
ment of her greatest happiness, had been
more than her gentle nature could stand.
In her delirium—the oldest inhabitants
said—she seemed to think that she was on
an island in the middle of the ocean, and
that her husband was being torn from her
arms by savages who intended to murder
him.

But death cast his soft mantle of eternal
sleep over the poor weary form at last, for
one evening, as the sun was sinking down
through the sky of fire that hung over the
mouth of the great river, a ray of sunlight
coming through the old log-cabin—a ray
which had been resting on the poor weary
face as it lay in the hair of gold, and
told to the old cabin, lay their heads on
the ground, and more dim, until it had gone,
and the night had come, and to her the night
of death!

The pretty eyes, blue as the blue light
of heaven, had lost their look of weariness,
and their look of sorrow faded. There
was no more suffering, no more pain for
her—she was dead.

The next morning the body of the young
wife was placed in a coffin. Preparations
were made for the funeral. Two canoes
were placed side by side, and
boards were placed between, forming a
platform. On this the community placed
great boughs. The carpenters of the
company made two pine coffins. The
remains of the young people were placed
on these, and they rested side by side
above the platforms on the canoes. This
was taken in tow by the life-boat, and the
inhabitants to the canoes, and the ship's
company their boats, and this little com-
pany rowed slowly and silently around
"Smith's Point" and up Young's river. A
number of Indians in their canoes followed
gritily and slowly in the rear.

Near a narrow gorge in this river, be-
neath the shadow of tall fir trees was
found a little green spot, and here a grave
was dug. The oldest man in the commu-
nity read the funeral service, and the
young man and wife were lowered to their
eternal resting place.

The hull of the old Silvia de Gras with-
stood the shock of the wind and the weath-
er for many years. It is said that people
sailing by the old ship at midnight in their
boats, have heard the despairing cry of
the young girl, and on moonlight nights
the sailors have been seen pulling at the
ropes of the vessel. But these mysterious
visitors are to be seen no more, for the
vessel has at length given up the battle
with time. A few years ago the last
remnant of the "Silvia de Gras" was car-
ried away by the dark, rushing tide of the
river.

WHICH ONE?

One of us, dear—
Will sit by a bed with marvelous fear,
And sleep a hand,
Growing cold as it feels for the spirit land—
Daring, which one?

One of us, dear—
But one—
Will stand by the coffin's side,
And look and weep,
While the strange silence keeps—
Daring, which one?

One of us, dear—
But one—
By an open grave will drop a tear,
And hush the wail,
The anguish of an unshared grief to know—
Daring, which one?

One of us, dear, it must be—
It may be that you will slip from me;
Or perhaps my life may first be done;
Waiting, which one?

THE LADIES.

Facts which Convince Well-Regulated
Families.

Lace and tulle bonnets are for toilets of
the highest ceremony.

The Newmarket bonnet bids fair to have
a run of popular favor.

Costly satin fabrics, brocaded with clus-
ters of waltzes, are imported.

Gloves and bustles are in vogue in
Paris, but are not yet popular in America.

The stalks of flowers must be as visible
in all lower garments as the flowers and
leaves.

Silk gloves in the popular Jersey shade
will be worn during the summer, and are
embroidered along the hand and across the
back of the arm.

Black brocaded grenadine with large vel-
vet flowers make a graceful blouse and
draperies for plain grenadine skirts that
have lace flounces.

London girls of the highest social posi-
tion are making it fashionable to take
lessons in dressmaking. This is a move in
the right direction.

Dusted and tanned muslins, worn over
corsets, with yards of lace and ribbons for
trimming, are among the prettiest of
toilettes for the sea-side.

Gold basket-straw bonnets, trimmed
with flame-colored lace and tinsel tulle
and velvet, are the latest fashion. These
are the newest fashions in French millinery.

Parisian modistes have the vegetable and
fruit fever again. Clusters of string-beans
with their blossoms, bunches of dried
almonds and raisins, small beets,
radishes, etc., are the vogue.

The Chinese and Japanese styles of
head-dresses are in high vogue among ultra-
fashionable women, and the stars and
heads of the pins they used to thrust
through the top knots are often studded
with diamonds, rubies and pearls of rare
value.

The styles at present are suitable for all;
whoever has a good figure can display it;
whoever has not may wear a fuller gown;
whoever has a well-formed head and pretty
young face may wear a little stringless bun-
net, or a high crown, or a low crown, or a
jacket, or a large head, or a small head,
may wear a close capote, or big poke tied
down under the chin.

A glance at a throng of ladies at any
fashionable evening party, says the fashion
writer in the New York Evening Post, will
show how very largely rich colored jacks
are still worn over skirts of lace, tulle,
velvet and other light fabrics. The skirts
are invariably short when worn with these
jackets, and are very bouffant. The most
approved shawl for the evening is that
known as the Newmarket, but unlike the
Newmarket proper, it is cut with elbow
sleeves, and usually fashioned heart-shape
in the neck. Embroidered velvet, plain velvet,
heavy satin brocade, or rich Oriental
embroidered materials are all appropri-
ate. A handsome imported toilet of this
kind has a short skirt made of white lace
over primrose faille. Four flounces of
the lace completely cover the skirt, and
the dress is trimmed with a row of
brocade, edged with a deep lace ruffle,
headed by a wide band of white marabout.

To be worn over this skirt is a Newmarket
of mousseline de la mer, with a row of
primrose satin, on which are raised velvet
roses of a pale pink hue, and of natural
size. The elbow sleeves and square open-
ing in the neck are adorned with ruffles of
the same material. The skirt is cut at the
left side of the opening of the corsage
is set a large bouquet of blush roses and
daisies.

The Household.

Iron rust may be removed from delicate
garments, upon which you dare not try
oxalic acid, by mixing the juice of a lemon
with some salt, and rubbing the rusted
spots and then hold over the steam of a
steaming tea-kettle. This is almost always
effective.

A delicious salad is made by boiling new
beets without scraping them. When they
are tender, drop them into cold water, and
move the skins, slice them, and put in a
salad dish in layers, with slices of hard
boiled eggs; season with pepper and salt,
a little butter and vinegar.

Graham biscuits are healthful and also
very nice if eaten while fresh and warm.
To one pint of milk add half a cup of
melted butter, half a cup of sugar and two
eggs; add enough flour to make a stiff bat-
ter; do not attempt to knead them, but
drop from a spoon into hot muffin-tins.

If the paper which is put over jelly and
jam is not put over them, it will, when
dry, be tight and firm, and keep the
fruit from molding with much more cer-
tainty than if it is dipped in alcohol or
brandy. The paper which is laid next the
fruit is meant, not that which is tied or
pasted over the glass.

A noted caterer tells this story: If green
peas are shelled and then are put in dry,
open-mouthed bottles, and are shaken to-
gether so as to occupy as little space as pos-
sible, then are covered tightly with oil, and
they will keep three or four months. The
must, however, be buried in dry earth in
the cellar. This is certainly worth trying.

There is no plant more pleasing to the
eye in the garden than a bell pepper-plant,
two or three of these will yield enough
of the green, pungent and nice little tri-
angle of pickles. The filling, if made exactly
as you make chopped pickles, is excellent.
A few seeds dropped in the hot-bed, or a
few plants purchased, will well repay for
the trouble.

A cheap dessert is made by boiling two
large spoonfuls of sago in nearly a quart of
water; add, when boiling, the peel of one
lemon, put in a little muslin bag, and a
little grated nutmeg; before taking from
the fire remove the muslin bag; then add
three eggs and a little salt; put in a
pudding dish, and let it bake for half an
hour; serve with sauce, or with sugar and
cream.

Coriander blanc mange may be varied
almost indefinitely. It is made by taking
Stir the fruit in after the pudding is cooked
and is just ready to be poured in the
moulds. It is delicious also with chocolate
cream; where you use four table-spoonfuls of
cornstarch, use two of chocolate; pour in
beating with your egg the first with cold
water. A nice sauce for this is made by
beating one egg and adding milk and sugar
to your taste; a very little vanilla improves
it, and still does not disguise the chocolate
taste.

Here is something for the young mother
who must tend baby and sew: Make a
large square pillow, and for this have
feathers will answer if the feathers of the
goose are too expensive; cover it with
bright-colored calico or bits of cretonne;
when completed lay it on the floor and put
baby on it on his stomach. He will amuse
himself in many ways, and often learns his
first lesson in creeping here. He will lie
down and look at the flowers on the car-
pet, and will kick and roll and gain
strength in his limbs; and an occasional
accident, caused by his getting too near
the edge, will not frighten a baby who has
proper spirit and determination.

Lady Slippers.

There is a difference between the affabil-

ty of a young girl and the tactfulness of the
experienced flirt.

A downy Otumwa young ladies and gen-
tlemen take seven-mile walks before
breakfast, just for exercise.

What maid is there, however fair,
Who would a lover jilt,
Could he as she please bring her a house
Like this that Vanderbilt.

In Vienna the law compels a married
man to obtain permission from his wife be-
fore he can go off in a balloon. Up to date
there has not been an application refused.

Nine girls living in Vermont have or-
ganized a baseball club, and play on the vil-
lage green every Wednesday and Saturday
afternoons. You should see them throw!

A lady who bought heavy mourning at
Algonia, Ia., explained to the milliner that
her husband was not well, and might pop
off at any time, when it might not suit her
to come to town.

A Brooklyn girl is much worried since
the first of this month. Her lover has
moved next door, and she is afraid he will
see her putting out the washing and ex-
pect her to do it after she is married.

A Tennessee landlord has just been
forced to pay \$700 for kissing an Indiana
woman who was a guest at his hotel. That's
enough to discourage all efforts to keep a
first-class public house, where every ac-
commodation is afforded.

"The last link is broken," the fellow
said, when he kissed his girl good-by for-
ever, at her request, because her parents
wished a dissolution. A few days after he
received a note saying: "Dear George—
There are plenty more links. Come and
break them."

At the Queen's drawing-room, a forth-
night ago, were two dresses which had the
front of the petticoats and of the waist
entirely covered with loops and ends of
narrow ribbons. On one dress there were
of black, on the other of pink and yellow,
matching the roses which brocaded the
train and the flowers which made a panel
at one side of the skirt.

The newest, and of course therefore, the
very prettiest, thing in wedding is re-
ported from Louisville, Ky. In June a
daughter of General Buckner, who is to
marry Mr. Belknap, of that city, will
have what is called a "rainbow wedding,"
as the bridemaids in couples will wear
the primary colors, each pair having a
different pale hue of India ink.

The latest anecdote about the old lady
who thinks that she "knows everything,"
is about how she went to a church social,
and as she entered the room the young
ladies, who were all of good evening,
auntie, we are glad you came; we are
going to have tableaux this evening."
"Yes, I know, I know," was the reply,
"I smelt 'em when I first came in."

Young wife—"I'm always saying some-
thing stupid," Mrs. Giddig was here to-
day, when she went away she said,
"Now, I've been here three times, and you
haven't been to see me once. I shan't
come again until you've called on me." And
I blundered out, "Thank you." Wasn't
it ridiculous? Hush!—Not a bit of it.
On the contrary it was quite apropos."

A Wisconsin Court had decided in favor
of a woman who had applied for a divorce,
but the formal decree was likely to be de-
layed until the next year. Her lawyer pro-
tested, and, being compelled to give a re-
ason for the delay, he explained that his
client's betrothed second husband was in
the room, and that the couple wished to go
to the altar, and to be married. The
Judge ordered the decree to be made out
forthwith.

This digestive organs weakened and worn
out by using cathartic medicines, restored by
using Brown's Iron Bitters.

Remedy's Remedy has proved its
effectiveness by a test of 75 years' constant use.
Try it.

THE
Admiration
OF THE
WORLD.
Mrs. S. A. Allen's
WORLD'S
Hair Restorer
IS PERFECTION!
Public Benefactress. Mrs. S. A. Allen has
justly earned this title, and thousands are
eager to obtain this day-reviving
over a fine head of hair produced by
her unequalled preparation for restor-
ing, invigorating, and beautifying the
hair. Her World's Hair Restorer
quickly cleanses the scalp, removing
dandruff, and restores the hair to its
natural color, and gives it the natural
growth, giving it the same vitality and
luxuriant quantity as in youth.

COMPLIMENTARY. "My
hair is now restored to its
youthful color; I have not
a gray hair left. I am sat-
isfied that the preparation
is not a dye, but acts on
the secretions. My hair
ceases to fall, which is cer-
tainly an advantage to me,
who was in danger of be-
coming bald." This is
the testimony of all who
use Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S
WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER.

"One Bottle did it." That is the
testimony of many who have
their gray hair restored to its natural
color, and their bald spot covered
over, after using one bottle of
Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair
Restorer. It is no dye.

THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST

THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST

THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST

THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST

THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST

THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST

THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST
THE BEST

MISCELLANEOUS.

Castoria
For
Infants and Children
Without Morphine or Narcotine.

What gives our Children rosy cheeks,
What cures their fevers, makes them sleep;
Tis Castoria.

When Babies fret, and cry by turns,
What cures their colic, kills their worms,
But Castoria.

What quickly cures Constipation,
Sour Stomach, Colic, Indigestion;
But Castoria.

Castor Oil to Morphine Syrup,
Flour and Paregoric, is not so good;
But Castoria.

Castoria Liniment—An ab-
solute cure for Rheumatism,
Sprains, Burns, Galls, &c., and an
instantaneous Pain-reliever.

Castoria
For
Infants and Children
Without Morphine or Narcotine.

What gives our Children rosy cheeks,
What cures their fevers, makes them sleep;
Tis Castoria.

When Babies fret, and cry by turns,
What cures their colic, kills their worms,
But Castoria.

What quickly cures Constipation,
Sour Stomach, Colic, Indigestion;
But Castoria.

Castor Oil to Morphine Syrup,
Flour and Paregoric, is not so good;
But Castoria.

Castoria Liniment—An ab-
solute cure for Rheumatism,
Sprains, Burns, Galls, &c., and an
instantaneous Pain-reliever.

Castoria
For
Infants and Children
Without Morphine or Narcotine.

What gives our Children rosy cheeks,
What cures their fevers, makes them sleep;
Tis Castoria.

When Babies fret, and cry by turns,
What cures their colic, kills their worms,
But Castoria.

What quickly cures Constipation,
Sour Stomach, Colic, Indigestion;
But Castoria.

Castor Oil to Morphine Syrup,
Flour and Paregoric, is not so good;
But Castoria.

Castoria Liniment—An ab-
solute cure for Rheumatism,
Sprains, Burns, Galls, &c., and an
instantaneous Pain-reliever.

Castoria
For
Infants and Children
Without Morphine or Narcotine.

What gives our Children rosy cheeks,
What cures their fevers, makes them sleep;
Tis Castoria.

When Babies fret, and cry by turns,
What cures their colic, kills their worms,
But Castoria.

What quickly cures Constipation,
Sour Stomach, Colic, Indigestion;
But Castoria.

Castor Oil to Morphine Syrup,
Flour and Paregoric, is not so good;
But Castoria.

Castoria Liniment—An ab-
solute cure for Rheumatism,
Sprains, Burns, Galls, &c., and an
instantaneous Pain-reliever.

Castoria
For
Infants and Children
Without Morphine or Narcotine.

What gives our Children rosy cheeks,
What cures their fevers, makes them sleep;
Tis Castoria.

When Babies fret, and cry by turns,
What cures their colic, kills their worms,
But Castoria.

What quickly cures Constipation,
Sour Stomach, Colic, Indigestion;
But Castoria.

Castor Oil to Morphine Syrup,
Flour and Paregoric, is not so good;
But Castoria.

Castoria Liniment—An ab-
solute cure for Rheumatism,
Sprains, Burns, Galls, &c., and an
instantaneous Pain-reliever.

Castoria
For
Infants and Children
Without Morphine or Narcotine.

What gives our Children rosy cheeks,
What cures their fevers, makes them sleep;
Tis Castoria.

When Babies fret, and cry by turns,
What cures their colic, kills their worms,
But Castoria.

What quickly cures Constipation,
Sour Stomach, Colic, Indigestion;
But Castoria.

Castor Oil to Morphine Syrup,
Flour and Paregoric, is not so good;
But Castoria.

Castoria Liniment—An ab-
solute cure for Rheumatism,
Sprains, Burns, Galls, &c., and an
instantaneous Pain-reliever.

Castoria
For
Infants and Children
Without Morphine or Narcotine.

What gives our Children rosy cheeks,
What cures their fevers, makes them sleep;
Tis Castoria.

When Babies fret, and cry by turns,
What cures their colic, kills their worms,
But Castoria.

What quickly cures Constipation,
Sour Stomach, Colic, Indigestion;
But Castoria.

Castor Oil to Morphine Syrup,
Flour and Paregoric, is not so good;
But Castoria.

Castoria Liniment—An ab-
solute cure for Rheumatism,
Sprains, Burns, Galls, &c., and an
instantaneous Pain-reliever.

Castoria
For
Infants and Children
Without Morphine or Narcotine.

What gives our Children rosy cheeks,
What cures their fevers, makes them sleep;
Tis Castoria.

When Babies fret, and cry by turns,
What cures their colic, kills their worms,
But Castoria.

What quickly cures Constipation,
Sour Stomach, Colic, Indigestion;
But Castoria.

Castor Oil to Morphine Syrup,
Flour and Paregoric, is not so good;
But Castoria.

Castoria Liniment—An ab-
solute cure for Rheumatism,
Sprains, Burns, Galls, &c., and an
instantaneous Pain-reliever.

Castoria
For
Infants and Children
Without Morphine or Narcotine.

What gives our Children rosy cheeks,
What cures their fevers, makes them sleep;
Tis Castoria.

When Babies fret, and cry by turns,
What cures their colic, kills their worms,
But Castoria.

What quickly cures Constipation,
Sour Stomach, Colic, Indigestion;
But Castoria.

Castor Oil to Morphine Syrup,
Flour and Paregoric, is not so good;
But Castoria.

Castoria Liniment—An ab-
solute cure for Rheumatism,
Sprains, Burns, Galls, &c., and an
instantaneous Pain-reliever.

Castoria
For
Infants and Children
Without Morphine or Narcotine.

What gives our Children rosy cheeks,
What cures their fevers, makes them sleep;
Tis Castoria.

When Babies fret, and cry by turns,
What cures their colic, kills their worms,
But Castoria.

What quickly cures Constipation,
Sour Stomach, Colic, Indigestion;
But Castoria.

Castor Oil to Morphine Syrup,
Flour and Paregoric, is not so good;
But Castoria.

Castoria Liniment—An ab-
solute cure for Rheumatism,
Sprains, Burns, Galls, &c., and an
instantaneous Pain-reliever.

Castoria
For
Infants and Children
Without Morphine or Narcotine.

What gives our Children rosy cheeks,
What cures their fevers, makes them sleep;
Tis Castoria.

When Babies fret, and cry by turns,
What cures their colic, kills their worms

fever and ague, nervousness, weakness, dizziness, indigestion, &c. It is now introduced from the Pacific slope, and has been the certificate of the eminent Dr. S. Dana Hays, the Assayer of Massachusetts, and Dr. H. C. Loubser of St. Louis, Mo., both gentlemen prominent in their profession, and which is a guarantee to buyers of its purity and quality. I can show the sands of letters from persons, from all parts of the Union and Canada, to testify to its merits and benefit it has afforded as a family remedy and tonic. Kept by all Leading Druggists and Grocers. 20 Sp